

# BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

## A RAILWAY NOVEL

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH FURNITURE

## STORIES BY RIS

"THE DAUGHTER OF A MAGNATE" is a railway novel, by Frank H. Spearman, and it is characterized by the breezy vigor and picturesque style which have made Mr. Spearman known as the author of the best railway fiction in our literature. Readers of "Held for Orders" will find in its pages many familiar names—Bucks, Doubleday, Callahan, Duffy—and the scene of the story is the author's old stamping ground—Medicine Bend. It is the romance of the Wicketup. It is, moreover, the first railway novel of any account in American fiction.

The heroine is the daughter of the president of the road, and the hero is the construction engineer of the mountain division. Mr. Spearman, like Kipling, approves of the men who do things, and Glover does things on the Titanic, otherwise the American, scale. He is precisely the man.

To shake the iron hand of Fate And match with destiny for years. If the twentieth century hero is the man who does things the twentieth century heroine is the woman who gets in his way and transforms his task from the difficult to the impossible, and stints of his kind, wood Gertrude Brock is that sort of girl. It is a curious but not unaccountable fact that men who bridge chasms and tunnel mountains and scale precipices are apt to choose for their mates such women as grow in the wilderness, have the delicate strength of a cultivated bloom rather than the robust virtues of the open air. Ab Glover, true to the instincts of his kind, woo Gertrude Brock, the girl who orders out a special in a blizzard and shudders at the consequences; and what is more, there is every reason to suppose that the marriage was perfectly satisfactory. It is another proof of the old saw that opposites attract.

Very well. In the process of remodeling his world for Gertrude Brock, Glover finds his greatest happiness, and Mr. Spearman's story. It is a good story. It carries the reader along with the rush of an express train behind time. There is humor in it—witness the party of sightseers hovering around Glover at his work, demanding chairs, and in default of these sitting on blocks of dynamite, to the anguish of the engineer. Witness the quaint and demure droolery of the love scenes at the end. It is salted with humor just enough to relieve the intensity of the dramatic incident.

The description of the blasting of the Cat's Paw to remedy the destruction caused by Rat River is one of the telling episodes of the book, and would have made a good story—"Sleepy Cat: the Engineer's Story," if it had been called) if told all by itself. The description of the ride of the lovers through the blizzard on an engine is as good a thing as the author has ever written. The book is in fact full of incident, and there is nothing slow about it. If you want to know what the strenuous life really is Mr. Spearman seems to say, go to Medicine Bend.

Here is an example of the way in which he handles his commonplace as the blasting of a few hundred yards of rock into a hole. The mountain in the case, he it known, was called by the Indians Sleepy Cat, because, overhanging Rat River, it let the train run away. Now, the Rat had washed out a large hole under an outcropping ledge, which hole Glover purposed to fill by blasting off the ledge and

tumbling it in. The operation is thus pictured:

"In the canyon it was already dark. Men were eating around campfires, and in the narrow strip of eastern sky between the walls the moon was rising. Were trains with signal lanterns moving above and below the break, dumping ballast behind the track layers. At a safe distance from the coming blast a dozen headlights from the roundhouse were being prepared, and the car-blinds from Sleepy Cat were being lowered for the night. The blasting powder, in twenty-pound cans, was being passed from hand to hand to the chargers. Score after score of the compact cans of high explosive had been packed into the scattered holes, and as if alive to what was coming, the chill air of the canyon took on the uneasiness of an atmosphere laden with electricity. Men of the operating department paced the bench impatiently, and trackmen, working below, in the flare of scattered torches, looked up oftener from their shovels to where a chain of active figures moved on the face of the cliff. Word passed again, and again that the charging was done, but the orders came steadily from the gloom on the ledge for more powder, until the last pound the engineer called for had been buried beneath his feet in the sleeping rock.

"On the ledge Glover saw a red light swing slowly to and fro on the ledge. From the extreme end of the canyon below the Cat's Paw came the crash of a track torpedo, answered almost instantly by a second, above the break. It was the warning signal to get into the clear. There was a buzz and rapid movement among the laborers. In twos and threes and dozens, a ragged procession of lanterns and torches, they retreated, foremen urging the laggard, until only a single man at each end of the broken track kept within sight of the tiny red lantern. The rest of the men were in a circle and again the torpedoes exploded, this time all clear. The hush of a hundred voices, the silence of the bars and shovels and picks gave back to the chill canyon its loneliness, and the roar of the river rose undisturbed to the brooding night.

"On the ledge Glover was alone. The final detail he was taking into his own hands. The few that could still command the point saw the red light moving, and beside it a figure vaguely outlined making its way. When the red light flashed a spark could be seen, a spluttering blaze would run slowly from it, hesitate, flare and die. Another and another of the fuses were touched and passed. With quickening steps after time was covered, until those looking saw the red light dash up the air, it circled high between the canyon walls in its flight and dropped like a rocket into the Rat. A muffled report from the lower tier was followed by a heavier and still a heavier one above. A creeping pang shot the heart of the granite, a dreadful awakening was upon it.

"From the tier of the utmost holes came at length the terrific burst of the heavy mines. The travail of an awful instant followed. The face of the spur parted from its side, toppled an instant in the confusion of its rending, and with an appalling crash fell upon the river below."

The character work is as good as the description, but who has read the stories of Halley, of Jimmie the Wind, of McTerza, and of Bucks, needs to be told that fact. Locomotive headlights, signal flares, and the eternal darkness through the tale of the do in the window of a night train. It is a great story. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## MEDIEVAL STORIES

"TROUBADOUR TALES," by Evelyn Stein, is a charming book of stories dealing with medieval life. Lovers of poetry were delighted some years ago with a slender volume of exquisite verse, by a young Indiana girl; and in this prose work of Miss Stein they will find much of the beauty of style, delicacy of imagination, and sweetness of spirit which made her nature poetry beautiful.

There are four of the tales, each illustrated by a different artist: Maxfield Parrish, Virginia Keop, B. Rosenmeyer, and Edward Edwards have shared the task of making the pictures; and the result is piquant and attractive. While apparently written for children the book will be eagerly read by many grown people.

"The Page of Count Reynaud," deals with a troubadour's contest; "The Lost Run" with Finland and its folk-lore; "Count Hugo's Sword" with a loyal little serving boy's sacrifice for one Count Boni, and "Felix" with the quaint, beautiful Christmas customs of Provence. It is hard to say which is most delightful. Perhaps, however, this description of the preparations for Christmas in a little Provencal village of two centuries ago will give as good an idea of the style as any mere extract can.

"Everybody was busy hurrying to and

fro, gathering garlands of myrtle and laurel, bringing home yule logs with pretty old songs and ceremonies, and in various ways making ready for the all-important festival.

"Not a house in Sur Varne but in which the coming of the blessed birthday was being especially prepared. There were great preparations in the cottages of the shepherd, Pere Michaud. This cottage, covered with white stucco, and thatched with long marsh-grass, stood at the edge of the village; olive and mulberry trees clustered about it, over a wild jasmine vine clambered over the doorway, while on this particular morning all around the low, projecting eaves hung a row of tiny wheat sheaves, swaying in the crisp December air, and twinkling in the sunlight like a golden fringe. For the Pere Michaud's feast, as best times, making ready the Christmas feast for the birds, which no Provencal peasant ever forgets at this gracious season; and the birds knew it, for already dozens of saucy robins and linnets and fieldfares were gathering in the Pere's mulberry trees, their mouths fairly watering with anticipation."

The crèche, or mimic village of Bethlehem, which to every peasant of Provence is a part of Christmas festivity, is then described in detail. Indeed, the valuable element in this little book is the vividness and truth of its local color. No child can read it without learning something. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

## BOOKS RECEIVED

THE DAUGHTER OF A MAGNATE. Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

VOICES AND VISIONS. Franklin Baldwin Wiley. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

COLOMBIA. Par Prosper Merimee. Edited by Henry Parker Williams. New York: The American Book Company.

AT THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN. Francis Howard Williams. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

T. C. SAHORE. Joseph William Eggleston. Washington: The Seal Publishing Company.

DOXA PERFECTA. Po. B. Perez Galdos. Edited by Edwin Selby Lewis. New York: The American Book Company.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE. Lorado Taft. Edited by John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

EL NINO DE LA BOLA. Por D. Pedro de Alarcon. Edited by Rudolph Schickel. New York: The American Book Company.

REYNARD THE FOX. Adapted by E. Louis Smythe. New York: The American Book Company.

A GREEK PRIMER. Clarence W. Gleason. New York: The American Book Company.

BUILDERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL. H. L. Piner. New York: Funk & Wagnell Company.

THE CROWN BABY BOOK. F. Strange Kelle. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

RELISHES OF RHYME. James Lincoln. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

NATURAL NUMBER PRIMER. David Gibbs. New York: The American Book Company.

POTPOURRI. SPICE AND ROSE LEAVES. Miranda Powers Seaton. Boston: The Gorman Press.

BUNTE GESCHICHTEN. Erna M. Stoltz. New York: The American Book Company.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF "JACK" PHILIP. Edgar Stanton MacLay. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

THE MAGIC MANTLE AND OTHER STORIES. Stephen Jackson. New York: M. S. Greene & Co.

THE QUEST. Edward Salisbury Field. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Marion Harland's Cook Book.

A new edition of "Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book" has appeared, revised by the author, with numerous illustrations and a handsome turkey on the cover. Mrs. Terhune says in a preface that her contract with her publishers forbids her writing any more works on cooking for ten years. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

"FRENCH AND ENGLISH FURNITURE," by Esther Singleton, is a bulky volume, containing an illustrated history of the development of different styles of furniture, from the period of Louis XIII to that of the Empire. Perplexed buyers of furniture, old or new, who have endeavored in vain to fix in their minds the distinction between Louis Treize, Louis Quatorze, and Louis Quinze, in the matter of arm chairs, or to recognize a Sheraton or Chippendale piece at a glance, will find enlightenment in its pages.

The author is at some pains to show how the taste of each period was developed. Thus, she explains that the so-called Queen Anne style was really formed in the preceding reign, and was due to Dutch influences which made Oriental goods fashionable.

Likewise, in dealing with the Empire, she shows that aversion to all that savored of previous aristocracy led to the adoption of severe Greek and Roman models.

The first chapter describes characteristic pieces of the time of Louis XIII. Then come "The Jacobean Period," and successively the periods of Queen Anne, the early Georgian styles, Louis XV, Chippendale, Louis XVI, Adam, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and the Empire. It is a fascinating book to study.

One serious defect, however, is to be noted in the arrangement of the illustrations, and it is one which could easily have been avoided, namely, the difficulty of making connections between pictures and text. The illustration of a Chippendale sofa, for instance, is referred to ten pages further on, perhaps, as "No. 5 in plate XXXVIII," and one must hunt up the reference to know what the picture means. The illustrations, of which there are several on each plate, could easily have been accompanied by a brief explanation printed at the bottom of the plate or on the tissue flyleaf.

The existing arrangement is simply a nuisance, and keeps one turning leaves continually. So far as the text is concerned, however, it is all that could be asked. No

sibly be made to look like Richard Harding Davis. He might commit suicide.

"THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH," with drawings by Howard Chandler Christy, is among the holiday books, and very handsomely printed and bound it is. It is true that the relative prominence of Mr. Standish's name and Mr. Christy's on the cover might lead to the ignorant to think that the book was written around the pictures, but it is to be supposed that, even in this day, most people know who Longfellow was.

The illustrations, which are numerous, present the Puritan maiden and her lover at all stages of their courtship, also some Puritans and an Indian. The Indian is the only member of the cast who does not look like a member of a college dramatic club dressed up for private theatricals, and even he might pass for one of the Carlisle Indian football team if he were dressed that way.

The trouble with Mr. Christy's illustrations is that he has too few models. He never draws anything but the typical Christy man, who looks like Richard Harding Davis, and has moustache, smooth face, or beard, as the exigencies of the moment may dictate. It is impossible to say what this artist would do, if required to draw, on short notice, some character who could not possibly be made to look like Richard Harding Davis. He might commit suicide.

"The Star Fairies," by Edith Ogden Harrison (Mrs. Carter Harrison) is a charming book of fairy tales in the same style as the author's book of last year, "Princess Silverwings," which met with deserved success. The illustrations, done by Edith Harrison, are partly in color, and partly in black and white. There are six stories, fanciful, graceful, and brimming with pretty thoughts. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

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This is a somewhat remarkable story to tell of a youth not yet twenty years of age.

There are, of course, many incidents of great composers and other notable folk in the book. Some of them concern Leschetitzky's most famous pupil, Paderewski, of whose debut the author says:

"I remember the night that Leschetitzky brought out his brilliant pupil, Ignace Paderewski. His performance of an original theme and variations was greeted with special favor. Indeed, some local musicians were heard to remark that the 'young man did not seem to promise much.' But his keener master opposed evasive criticism with the now unanswerable statement: 'Ah, my dear — you will have to get used to hearing that young man's name.'"

Countess Potocka further says of Paderewski:

"My mother was very fond of him, and loved to have him come in and announced; which he did, sitting down at the piano while the table was being laid for dinner, going over difficult passages in compositions he was studying, or improvising with such bravura that my mother would laughingly insist our piano could not possibly withstand the terrific onslaught."

"Since he has made a fortune, he has abundantly proved to the world that sympathy and great-heartedness known to his friends in the days of his poverty. Walking along Wabington Strasse one evening I noticed Paderewski standing before an open booth, and was surprised to see him purchase a Christmas tree gaily decorated with pink paper blossoms and glistening green leaves, a box of sweetmeats, and a quantity of toys. Coming closer, the mystery was solved. Two small ragged muffs, standing with legs far apart, hands deep in pockets, silent but for an awkward, inarticulate gratitude expressed on their faces, were to be the recipients of Paderewski's bounty. The hungry-eyed urchins staring at the prosperous housewife making her Christmas purchases had been, too much for his stolidism."

Of Annette Essipoff, Leschetitzky's second wife, Countess Potocka says:

"She was full of delightful contrasts: an artist and a woman of the world; serious and witty; interested in science and devoted to childlike games. Her improvisations alone or with Paderewski at another piano, were so beautiful that they made one wish not to dance at all, but rather to sit by and listen. I remember a performance of Haydn's 'Kinder Symphonie' arranged by Essipoff. She herself played a 'wooden clapper,' a cardboard rattle, Paderewski at the piano, and one violin being the only serious instruments. Notwithstanding the peculiar combination, our audience was kind enough to enjoy the performance; we were even asked to repeat it some time later."

book on the subject of furniture recently printed gives a clearer idea of the salient features of the various styles. In each chapter there is a picture of a typical room of the period, showing how furniture, hangings, carpets and woodwork all corresponded.

The book is calculated to make the average householder conscious of the villainous taste which dictates the construction of the average American dwelling, and of half the furniture which is to be had in shops, and this divine discontent is needed if we are ever to see any improvement on the present state of things.

The salient Chippendale characteristic the author considers to be this: "It cannot fail to strike anyone who examines Chippendale's designs carefully that he was beyond everything else a carver and a decorator. Although he was most particular about proportion and joinery, he took the greatest delight in ornamentation, caring far more for his ornate carving and swags of drapery than for his wood or his materials. Indeed, he nearly always desires his handsome pieces to be gilded, or painted, or japanned, and he says nothing whatever about textiles, although his beds and sofas with canopies are dependent upon festoons and curtains for their effect."

During the early Georgian period lovers of the earlier style were possessed of a violent disgust for the conglomerate of fanciful fashion which came in. Dwellings of this period were also condemned by the conservatives for their discomfort. The author quotes Lord Hervey's epigram on Burlington House, Piccadilly:

"Possessed of one great hall of state, Without a room to sleep, or eat."

"This morbid wit also satirizes another residence at Chiswick owned by Lord Burlington, which was built about 1730, after the model of the celebrated villa of the worshiped Palladio. According to Hervey, 'It was too small to live in, and too large to hang to a watch.' Burlington designed mansions for others also. One of these, belonging to General Wade, in Cook Street, provoked Walpole to say: 'It is worse than Christened in the inside than is conceivable, but to humiliate the beauty in front.' Lord Chesterfield also suggested: 'As the general

eral could not live in it to his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it."

"The discomfort of the interior arrangement of even the most magnificent houses built at the beginning of this period is attested by more than one writer. Pope sneers at Blenheim as follows:

"Sir, sir, here's the grand approach. This is his Grace's coach; There lies the bridge and here's the clock. Observe the lion and the cock. The spacious court, the colonnade! The chimneys are so well designed, They never smoke in any wind. The gallery's contrived for walking. The windows to retire and talk in. The council chamber for debate. And the Pantheon for state. Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine. But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye find by all you have been telling That 'tis a house but not a dwelling."

"In 1756 Isaac Ware \* \* \* speaks bitterly of the degeneracy of modern taste, and attacks those who 'flew into every gaudiness that the copy of a thing could afford. Of this we see instances in many expensive works which stand and will stand to disgrace our country; and we have models of them and of others as ridiculous, proposed for imitation. We have seen architecture, a science founded upon the soundest principles, disgraced by ignorant caprice, and fashion very lately attempted, and it would be well if we could not say attempts now, to undermine and destroy us by the caprice of France and by the whims of China.'"

Langley says of the cabinet-making of this period:

"The evil genius that so presides over cabinet-makers as to direct them to persevere in such a pernicious and stupid manner that the rules of architecture, from whence all beautiful proportions are deduced, are unworthy of their regard. I am at a loss to discover, except Murcen, the Goddess of Sloth, acts that part and I thus influenced them to conceal their drossish low-life incapacity and prompt them, with the foe in the fable, to pronounce grapes sour that ripen out of their reach."

At this time was a very great difficulty to find one in fifty of them that can make a bookcase, etc., indispensably true, after any of the five orders without being obliged to go to a joiner for to set out the work and make his work to work by."

What would have these critics have said had they encountered specimens of American taste of the seventies? (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"The Craftsman."

"The Craftsman" for December is full of all sorts of delightful things about handicraft. One of the most interesting articles is about Robert Jarvis, a business man of Chicago, with a liking for hand-made things, and himself made many candlesticks and other metallic articles from his own designs. Another article describes the Hingham Arts and Crafts movement.

For Children's Reading.

"St. Nicholas" for January contains the second sketch of "The Signs of Old London," by Julian King Colford, with some exceedingly interesting illustrations. "An Officer of the Court," by Elliott Flower, is a story of the reform of a juvenile "gang." "The Bad Temper of the Princess" is an unusually charming little story by Marian Burton, and "The Little Boy" and an amusing narrative poem by Margaret Johnson, entitled "Annes and His Cat" will delight small readers. There are a good many other bright things in this number, to be discovered by investigation.

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"CHILDREN OF THE TENDRILS," a book of some bulk and many illustrations, might be called the first excursion of Jacob Ris into the world of fiction, but for one thing: it is not fiction. Though some of the chapters are cast in story form, it is all genuine fact; and therein lies its charm. The enthusiasm, vigor and warmth of heart so characteristic of Mr. Ris are to be seen as plainly here as in his "How the Other Half Lives." Had the book appeared anonymously it might have been hailed as unusually realistic slum fiction. Coming from an author of known experience and truthfulness, it can only be regarded as a valuable collection of human documents and a capital bit of literature without.

Of the way in which it came into being, the author says:

"I have been asked a great many times in the last dozen years if I would not write an 'East Side novel,' and I have sometimes had much difficulty in convincing the publishers that I meant it when I said I would not. Yet the reason is plain: I cannot. I wish I could. There are some facts one can bring home more easily than otherwise by wrapping them in fiction. But I never could invent even a small part of a plot. The story has to come to me complete before I can tell it. The stories printed in this volume came to me in the course of my work as police reporter for nearly a quarter of a century, and were printed in my paper."

It may be worth while to recall in this connection the cutting observations of James L. Ford on the subject of East Side literature. Mr. Ford wrote on this about the time "Galka" appeared and its author got himself personally into a scrape (never recorded in print) by his blunders in describing college settlement work. The contempt of Mr. Ford for all the tribe of Davis is without limit, and he ascribes the vogue and the deficiencies of these writers to the ignorance of a public which habitually regards magazine literature as far superior to newspaper literature. He says, reporting an imaginary conversation between a young reporter and some magazine writers, at a reception:

"One of the young literary men will go on to say in proof of his theory about the literary poverty of New York, that the magazines have already published a great many articles and stories about the Bowery and the East Side, and have in fact quite covered the field without enriching the literature of the day to any very noticeable degree. All of which is perfectly true, but the results might have been different had the work been intrusted in each case to a writer who was familiar with the subject instead of to one whose only qualification was that he had mastered the art of writing matter suitable for magazines—or in other words, 'literature.' An exception to this rule, and a notable one, too, was made in the case of Jacob A. Ris."

This was written about ten years ago, since which time stories even more vivid than Davis' have appeared in the magazines, together with more or less stagey fiction purporting to be of newspaper life. In contrast to the paint and tinsel and limelight of this type of fiction, Mr. Ris' simple little tales take on almost the aspect of masterpieces. They are thoroughly good, every one of them.

Nothing is too fine or heroic for the virile language of this reporter-author; no cause is too insignificant for his great, generous heart to plead. There is a stirring chapter in the life of the German, full of moving incidents and thrilling deeds, and at the end of it is this:

"When a fireman grows old, he is retired on half pay for the rest of his days. When a horse that has run with the heavy engines to fires by night and by day for perhaps ten or fifteen years is worn out, it is sold to a huckster, perhaps, or a contractor, to slave for him until it is fit only for the boneyard! The city receives a paltry two or three thousand dollars a year for this rank treachery, and pockets the blood money without a protest."

"The Spirit of the Service."

"The Spirit of the Service," by Edith Elmer Wood, is a brilliant bit of fiction, not quite like anything else in this season's books. It deals with navy life almost exclusively, and gives a vivid description of the sentiments and experiences of navy women during the war with Spain. It ought to interest a large class of readers purely for that reason.

The description of the journey of the wife of Captain Cartwright, with her little grandson, to be near her husband's ship in Hongkong, is one of the best chapters in the book, and one travels from America to Japan and then to China with the indomitable woman, living over with her the memory of those years of her young matronhood, when she followed the ships with her little daughter and waited for her husband wherever he might be. It is easy to see the yellow-haired sailor boy, inheritor of navy traditions, playing at war in the hotels. The author shows him thus:

"There were mornings when Wriggles was too much absorbed playing Spanish war in his room at the hotel to go out at all. He used all sorts of fleet-foot shells on the wash basin, folded paper boats on the table, or his grandmother's shoes on the floor. But though the construction of the ships and the manner of the fight varied greatly, there was never but one end to these battles—the complete annihilation of the Spanish squadron."

"For quarter, for quarter, the Spaniard then cried he."

"Wriggles would chant, adopting to his purpose an old navy song his grandfather had taught him. Blow high, blow low, for so called we; Oh, your ship shall be your coffin and your grave shall be the sea. Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree!"

The inability of the outsider to understand the spirit of the service is thus rather amusingly illustrated in an early chapter likely to enlighten some of these same outsiders on the twistedness of their views.

"Mrs. Cartwright was so cheerful, so optimistic, so positively eager for the fray that in some quarters she was freely accused of heartlessness. There was no one who understood her devotion to her husband could doubt that if she was willing to expose him to Spanish bullets, it was the supreme proof she could give of her patriotism, and that she would have exposed herself to them with far greater cheerfulness."

"Among those most firmly convinced of Mrs. Cartwright's coldness of heart was an old maid aunt of the captain's, who, ever since the destruction of the Maine, had been writing him frantic letters urging him to resign his commission. These letters pierced like rays of sunshine through the tragic gloom of the atmosphere, and afforded the Cartwrights infinite amusement."

"To have characterized the old lady's attitude as either cowardly or dishonorable would have been to wound her utter guilelessness. Reasons slipped from her ungrasping mentality as easily as from an infant's child's. Finding her appeal to her nephew without result she had written to his wife, who, she took it for granted, would share her feelings. She never got over the shock of Mrs. Cartwright's reply. She had always before supposed that Clara loved her husband. But now it was all too evident that she did not. Poor Julia! It was doubtless his wife's indifference that made him so willing to be killed."

"Some of the very people who shrink terrified from the thought of war with Spain and prayed for peace, with dishonor or anything else, so it was peace, and they forgot their own hysterics, but if so, they will find reminders here. The book deserves to be kept as a faithful study of American naval life at that time, if for no other reason. The character drawing is well done and the style clear cut, forcible and terse. Moreover, there is humor in nearly every page. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

## A NAVY NOVEL